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and standing with any of the group just now mentioned? It must be said frankly that the American selections are poorly made. The division of the book into Narrative Poems and Lyrical and Reflective Poems is convenient, and the prefatory essay on poetry is so thoughtful that one regrets its brevity.

G. H. C.

THE ENCHANTED YEARS. A Book of Contemporary Verse. Edited by Professors John Calvin Metcalf and James Southall Wilson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1921. Pp. ix, 157.

This collection of eighty poems has been dedicated by the contributing American and British writers to the University of Virginia on the occasion of its centenary. It is prefaced by three thoughtful and discriminating paragraphs—the work of the compilers—in which an account is given of the purpose of the volume and a brief evaluation presented of the poetic revival now going on in England, Ireland and America. Few of the poems included have previously appeared, so that the collection brings together virtually new work by such poets as Lord Dunsany, W. H. Davies, Grace Hazard Conkling, D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, George Edward Woodberry, Olive Tilford Dargan, Winifred M. Letts, Theodosia Garrison, John Finley, Edwin Arlington Robinson, John Drinkwater, Norreys Jephson O'Connor, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Symons, Walter de la Mare, and a number of other writers of varying importance. Some of the poems deal directly with the history and genius of the University of Virginia; two attempt to interpret the spirit of Thomas Jefferson; while three or four are written in praise of past poets, including Keats, Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier and—most appropriately—Edgar Allan Poe. The collection is not only a worthy memorial, but a useful anthology of contemporary verse.

KOSTES PALAMAS. A HUNDRED VOICES AND OTHER POEMS. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Cambridge, Mass.: The Harvard University Press. 1920. Pp. 227.

This year is the hundredth anniversary of the independence of Greece. On Easter a hundred years ago the Patriarch of

Constantinople was murdered by the mob, the uprising had already taken place in the Morea and Turks and Greeks were fighting desperately, quarter being given by neither side. As had happened twenty-three centuries before in a fierce contest between liberty and despotism, between West and East, from the ruins arose a fairer age. And there began again on the isles of the Ægean and the easternmost peninsula of Europe a nation and a culture whose full importance to the western world is still to be realized. The agony and the triumph of the new nation, a people once enslaved, found ready expression in their literature, which must be considered a legitimate possessor of the ancient traditions, finding its expression in the same language, and deriving its power from many of the same sources.

Among the leading writers of this modern age in Greek literature the name of Kostas Palamas is by no means least; in his poetry their aspirations and their deepest feelings have found graceful and forceful expression. This recent translation of his poems is a companion to his *Life Immovable*, which was reviewed in the SEWANEE REVIEW for January, 1921. It seems to strike a clearer note than its predecessor. The translation is admirable, but the translator has perhaps wisely refrained from all attempt at reproducing the metres of the original. The translations suggest the lyric spirit of Palamas, and give a fair idea of his artistic technique. One of the most pleasing passages (p. 83) is here repeated, although of course, it does not suffice for that full appreciation which Palamas's work may merit:—

“New Greece, my humble mother, born of one
Who was most beautiful among all mothers,
Your children now, to hide their homeliness
And shame, call *you* a homely one and find
Disgrace in your new name. Yet on the peaks
Of high Olympus, bards and valiant men
Think of your name as sacred; while I write it
With shining golden letters on your forehead
And kiss it humbly on your bleeding feet.”

The poem called *The Acraean* (p. 153) is worthy of high praise, but is too long to quote; and the introduction is right in pointing out the analogies in career and inspiration between the ancient bard and the modern poet. In another poem, *To the Body* (p. 223)

the spirit of the youth of the old Greece finds fitting reincarnation.
We quote the first stanza:—

“Body of man, let glory shine on you,
The shell that like an easy sailing ship
Is steel against the billows of the sea,
Endures the beating of the winds and journeys
Through the flame revels of the sun.”

J. B. E.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS. By Kermit Roosevelt. New York:
Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920.

The public is eager for writings about the late Theodore Roosevelt, but when a book about him by his son appears, it is doubly welcome. The style of *The Happy Hunting Grounds* is simple and even boyish, but now and again the straightforward narrative of a man of action is raised above the commonplace by the stirring nature of the subject-matter. This fact is well shown in the account recorded in the opening chapter of the many black moments in Brazil during the descent of the River of Doubt, especially the account of Colonel Roosevelt's terrific fight against fever and a “plague of deep abscesses”. Some elementary illustrations are explained by the notice that “if anything amusing occurred to a member of the expedition, father would embroider the happening in inimitable fashion”. As the book is mostly about Mr. Roosevelt and is the work of one of his manly sons, it may well be read with interest by many admirers of the former President, in spite of the author's amateurish style.

L. W. F.